



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 13. No. 8. 1st October, 1940.





*Australian Jockey Club*

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# **SPRING MEETING**

## **1940**

**October 5th, 7th, 9th and 12th.**

### **FIRST DAY**

A.J.C. Derby, of £5000 - - - One Mile and a Half  
Epsom Handicap, of £3000 - - - - - One Mile  
The Colin Stephen Stakes,  
of £1300 - - - - - One Mile and a Half

### **SECOND DAY**

Breeders' Plate, of £1300 - - - - - Five Furlongs  
The Metropolitan, of £5000 - - One Mile and  
Five Furlongs

### **THIRD DAY**

Craven Plate, of £1300 - One Mile and a Quarter  
Gimcrack Stakes, of £1300 - - - Five Furlongs

### **FOURTH DAY**

Randwick Plate, of £1000 - - - - - Two Miles

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney*



Vol. 13. No. 8

1st October, 1940

Established 1858

*Chairman:*

W. W. HILL



*Treasurer:*

S. E. CHATTERTON



*Committee:*

H. C. BARTLEY  
GEORGE CHIENE  
DAVID A. CRAIG  
JOHN HICKEY  
A. J. MATTHEWS  
JOHN H. O'DEA  
JOHN A. ROLES  
F. G. UNDERWOOD



*Secretary:*

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the world.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 28th December, 1940 (in aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W.), and on Wednesday, 1st January, 1941.



# The Club Man's Diary

The club's September meeting proved a day of good weather, good horses and good company; but the splashes of khaki in a colour scheme not yet spectacularly Spring-like, scarcely turned diaphanous in feminine finery, served to remind us, or many of us, of a sterner background.

It was impossible altogether to choke off the note of serious reflection. When it was not articulate, it was visual; sometimes both, as in the presence at the official luncheon, and, again, in the official stand and elsewhere, of Lieut.-Colonel Scott, Capt. Colle, M.C., of the Dunkirkers who brought to Australia a shipload of Germans and Italians for internment.

They said little of the events "over there." As an officer of the British Army, Lieut.-Colonel Scott had committed himself tremendously—as Colonel Somerville pointed out conversationally at the luncheon—when he remarked to Press interviews, apropos incidents of the voyage, embracing fights and near-revolts among the internees: "Oh yes, we had our moments."

\* \* \*

You could not find that attitude of amused detachment outside the British Army. It's something that makes 'em regard Hitler's horrors as an antic peculiarly pantomimic, and his Blitzkrieg as a beastly bore.

This extraordinary mental attitude toward threat and terror is British of the British. It doesn't thrive elsewhere. The amazingly penetrative mind of Bismarck detected its presence and appreciated its dynamics. He bequeathed to the Germany he had welded out of his instinctive diplomacy a solemn warning never to challenge Britain. Von Bethmann Hollwegg, Chancellor at the time of the outbreak of the 1914-18 war, wept at the madness of his Kaiser. "You will reach London over the body of the last Englishman," he said, finally, in despair. He knew his history—and he knew his Englishmen.

So the something in the English which I am trying to convey isn't

cocksuredness, or any such surface assumption. It is a quality innate—you've either got it, or you haven't got it.

\* \* \*

If those thoughts preoccupied my mind at the luncheon, to the confusion of the festive imps that came leaping out of the bubbles in my glass, urging a bet on the hurdle race, I was dragged into greater detachment by meeting with Regimental Sergeant-Major Bowles, of the Dunkirkers.

He stood erectly at attention at our introduction, chest medalled and ribboned, bulwark of a back as broad as the facade of a minor Gibraltar, and he spoke in the deep, reverberating tones of a broadside fired from a capital ship.

He had long, dangling, bastion-arms like Casey's, at the Zoo, and an eye like a furnace stoked by relays. He was the Regimental Sergeant-Major reincarnated from Badajoz.

Nobody was quite like him on the course, for he was a character of a world older than ours, a product of a Service that reaped from Marlborough the glories of Blenheim and Ramillies. You would have to recast from the original mould to get another like him.

\* \* \*

Regimental Sergeant-Major Bowles was put on to many horses during the afternoon, but I am afraid that, by the time the last race had arrived—and the last toast had been drunk—he must have had the feeling of having been put on to a rocking horse.

Next morning, they told me, he was on parade, sharpening up the company for the Showground march, attended by 40,000 in the afternoon. Regimental Sergeant-Major Bowles clicked his heels with the same precision as he had on the afternoon before in the official stand.

\* \* \*

There was a sergeant, a Dunkirk-er, whose name I didn't catch. He had served in the previous war to end all wars, and here he was accoutred again.

"I met and talked with many of your boys in Blighty," he told me. "You'd pick 'em as fighters at first glance. They're the Anzacs all over again."

Then he came nearer to me and asked in a confidential whisper: "Say, is there a horse named Carbine starting to-day?"

I did not know whether he was trying to pull my leg or whether someone had been trying to pull his, or—most likely—under the stress of hospitality this delightful fellow had got his dates a trifle confused.

\* \* \*

During the latest series of England-Australia cricket tests, an American friend asked me in all seriousness: "When is Dr. Grace going in to bat?"

And it is a fact that, on election day, I overheard a drunk, who had sought enlightenment, being advised to give his No. 1 vote to Sir Henry Parkes. He promised that he would do so.

\* \* \*

Best true story told me on the course was volunteered by Randal Berry about Rolfe Latimer and Fred Obermann, inseparable friends. Rolfe is head of a family of three boys, and, of course, hopes that his wife will present him with a daughter. Fred, father of three girls, is hoping for a son.

As it is expected that the babies will make their appearance about the same time, Rolfe and Fred have a friendly wager—whichever becomes a father first shall be in on the christening paid for by the other.

Well, Rolfe gets his girl and Fred gets his boy—but Rolfe beats Fred by 48 hours!

And the christening . . . ! !

\* \* \*

These new little Australians are at any time precious gifts, particularly now when the wastage of war again encompasses our race, and shining in the cradles are the nation's hopes. While on these notable occasions it is habitual for fathers to chuck a chest and take all the congratulations coming, let us salute the



## Race Day Impressions

mothers—not as an excuse for another drink, but as an earnest of our love abiding.

\* \* \*

Beside me as High Caste parades in the Saddling Paddock is Harry Cohen. "They run in all shapes and sizes. Sometimes you get them big and good. There is High Caste—and there was Gigandra," I say to the erstwhile owner of "The Big Horse." He smiles reminiscently.

"You don't get a Gigandra twice in a lifetime," he adds.

"How did you get him?" I ask.

Mr. Cohen says: "Gough picked him for me as a two-year-old after Gigandra had run second in the Breeders' Plate."

Strange how the name, "The Big Horse," stuck to Gigandra. Bookmakers often called the odds against Gigandra in his nom-de-course, and punters would ask the odds on "The Big Horse."

Another great "big horse" was Archer, winner of the first two Melbourne Cups.

\* \* \*

Some day it may strike Hugh Macken or me that we never meet on a racecourse, leaving the workaday world behind, without digging deep into workaday discussions. This time it was industro-economics which, of course, is the big topic in our war effort.

The outcome was that Hugh nearly lost the chance to make a bet and (as usual) I came out of the talk better informed.

\* \* \*

*Once again I indulge my bi-annual privilege of standing up and cussing at the names bestowed on horses, as disclosed in the race book. . . . That's all, until the next time.*

\* \* \*

One of the best-named horses at

the meeting, Black Banter (Silverburn—Alabama), a black that shone like new-hewn coal, was also one of the handsomest. There were times when he recalled Comedy King.

\* \* \*

*Hans Robertson honoured the meeting by taking a day off from snooker.*



*Capt. H. W. B. Livesay, R.N., Capt. E. C. K. Colle, B.E.F., Lieut.-Colonel Scott, B.E.F., George Main (Chairman, A.J.C.) and Mr. W. W. Hill (Chairman) at the Club Races on September 14th.*

George Chiene indicated Regimental Sergeant-Major Bowles, broadside on, and said: "What a glorious thing it would be if that fellow were in a position to tread on Hitler's pet corn!"

John Hickey seemed to be working out a cross-word puzzle as I came upon him in the official stand immediately after luncheon. "Now, if I say 'Blackie Miller,' you're sure to say 'Valhalla,'" he observed. Which proved John a thought-reader—however his own thoughts may have been amiss.

\* \* \*

Add to inseparables that make Randwick history, Frank Underwood and his cigar.

*(P.S.: That isn't a puff par.)*

\* \* \*

There was not only a flavour about the luncheon, but an atmos-

phere—something everybody sought and found satisfying. Several members of the committee noticed it, and remarked on the function having been the best in a long time.

All chairs were filled, which was a tribute to the committee's hospitality. Still, we who had been to so many luncheons over the years felt something more being conveyed to us. Perhaps it was a sense of the greater brotherhood expressed in

the fervency which we at the call of the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) toasted "The King," and the feeling of quiet confidence that, with everyone contributing in some measure — according to his capacity — the British cause would triumph ultimately.

Those were the thoughts everybody was thinking; and so what was felt to be different from other such gatherings was just the old feeling of comradeship expressed in higher-pitched emotion.

*Mr. Hill said: The luncheon in every sense was the best we had held in many meetings, and I think the feeling of which you speak was common to all.*

\* \* \*

When you come to compare Phar Lap with Carbine—or, if you will, Carbine with Phar Lap—you are up against not only the veterans who were on the spot and saw both champions, the experts who know the advantage of the new-style seat over the old, long-stirrured, mounted-policeman fashion, the condition of courses—taking in, as Tommy Stain used to tell, the ruts made by sheep trekking over the course proper at Flemington—but you are up against history, as I saw it revealed in that wonderful show in David Jones, in aid of the Red Cross.

Take the station-hack-like saddle carried by Carbine when he humped his record weight of 10.5 to victory in the Melbourne Cup in 1890.

*(Continued on page 5.)*



# TATTERSALL'S CLUB HONOUR ROLL

ALLSOP, R. ....	Engineer-Lieutenant, R.A.N.
BLAU, J. S. ....	NX 55353, C. Co., 19th I.L.B., Walgrove, N.S.W.
BURROWS, D. S. I. ....	Sergeant, NX 9159, 2nd Company, 2nd Batt., A.I.F., Palestine.
BURT, I. C. ....	Gunner, NX 32953, 3rd Batt. Artillery Wing, Showground.
BELISARIO, J. C. ....	Lieutenant-Colonel, O.C. 2/3 C.C.S., Walgrove, N.S.W.
BUCHANAN, NEIL ....	R.A.A.F., Richmond.
CHILTON, F. O. ....	Major, MX 231, 2/2 Batt., A.I.F., Palestine.
COLLINS, J. J. ....	Captain, Director of Entertainment, Eastern Command.
CRAIG, J. A. ....	L/C, NX 65169, 2/3 Casualty Clearing Station, Cowra.
EATON, C. D. ....	Private, NX 32667, 7th Div., Sub. Park, 1st Aust. Corps, Amm. Park, Greta.
FOWLER, W. M. ....	Pilot Officer, 2 S.F.T.S., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.
FREDERICK, L. ....	8286, Sergeant, Central Area H.Q., R.A.A.F., Sydney.
GEE, G. L. ....	Major, A.I.F. Comforts Fund, Palestine.
GRIFFIN, P. W. ....	Private, 1 Aust. Corp Troops, Ammun. Co., Ingleburn, N.S.W.
GRIFFIN, R. S. ....	Lieutenant, 2/18th Batt., Ingleburn, N.S.W.
INGLIS, T. R. ....	L/Bdr., NX 26474, R.Rd. Artillery, Showground.
JANES, A. F. ....	Captain, NX 238, R.M.O., 6th Aust. Div. Cavalry Regt., A.I.F. Abroad.
JACKSON, T. F. W. ....	Gunner, 2nd Batt., 1st Anti-Aircraft Reg., Ingleburn.
JOHNSON, H. I. ....	Colonel, 4th Cavalry Brigade.
KIERNAN, G. A. ....	Lieutenant, 1st Aust. Corps. Amm. Co., Ingleburn.
LLOYD, H. W. ....	Brigadier-General, Army H.Q., Victoria Barracks, Melbourne.
LOCKE, C. H. ....	Captain, 8 Aust. Div. A.S.C., Supply Column, Liverpool.
LOUDON, D. B. ....	Colonel, 3rd Aust. General Hospital, England.
LARKIN, P. R. ....	NX 24122, 3rd Batt., 1st A.A. Regt., Ingleburn.
MANNING, E. R. ....	Group-Captain, c/o H.Q., Far East. Command, R.A.F., Union Building, Singapore.
MAHER, B. ....	R.A.A.F., Bradfield, N.S.W.
MELVILLE, J. W. ....	Gunner, NX 58373, 2/9 Field Regt., 17th Batt., Ingleburn.
McMULLIN, A. M. ....	Private, NX 52635, 3rd Batt., J. Troop, R.A.R.R., Glenfield.
NEUMAN, E. L. ....	L/Bdr., NX 21953, Ingleburn.
PAUL, F. B. ....	Lieutenant, V.C.C., Eastern Command, Liverpool.
POOLEY, J. C. ....	Lieutenant, Corps Troop Amm. Co., Ingleburn.
PENFOLD, E. T. ....	Lieutenant-Colonel, A.Q.M.G., Eastern Command, Victoria Barracks.
PRIEST, G. C. ....	Lance-Corporal, NX 28242, H.W., A.A.S.C., 8th Div., Liverpool.
RICH, G. S. B. ....	NX 20038, Recce. Unit, R.R.D., Showground.
RIOLO, P. ....	3rd Batt., 1st Anti-Aircraft Co., Ingleburn.
REICHENBACH, G. S. ....	Major, Ingleburn.
SMITH, P. G. ....	Corporal, NX 28415, 2/z M.G. Batt., Ingleburn.
SHELDON, T. C. ....	Lieutenant, A.S.C., 1st Div., Maitland.
TANNER, T. ....	Gunner, N 85413, 1st Anti-Aircraft Brigade, North Head.
TILLAM, R. H. ....	Sub-Lieutenant, R.N., c/o Australia House, London.
VAUGHAN, K. J. ....	L/Bdr., NX 13668, 2nd Batt., 1 A.A. Regt., Ingleburn.
WALL, I. P. S. ....	Pilot Officer, R.A.F. Station, Richmond.
WITHYCOMBE, R. J. ....	2/1st Hospital Ship, c/o G.P.O., Sydney.
WHEELER, R. C. ....	

THE ABOVE LIST IS NOT COMPLETE.

Will members who know of other Club members who have enlisted please give particulars to the Secretary. Their names will be added to the List.



# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

Compare it with the modern lightweight article across Phar Lap and the paperweight thing carried by Trivalve. Then take the racing shoes.

\* \* \*

At Tattersall's Club's latest meeting a veteran racegoer took me into the weighing room to show me a shoe worn by Carbine, alongside one worn by Marvel. Truly historic relics; but, as he pointed out, compare either "piece of heavy iron" with the dainty thing worn by the modern Gwillian G.

\* \* \*

The saddle on show is real history, because it remains sweat-stained—hasn't been prettified—just as it was taken off the champion half a century ago.

To touch that saddle, as I did, is to be transported back on the wings of the years to that day and that scene in 1890 of the tall hats, the ladies with sunshades and bustles, and the jockeys with whiskers. It is, as Shakespeare wrote in the Prologue to Henry V.—and which we knew backward at school:

*Think, when we talk of horses,  
that you see them*

*Printing their proud hoofs i' the  
receiving earth. . . .*

The field sweeps into the straight. Carbine, the equine hero, emerges. Full-throated yells. It's victory! Veterans who watched racing in the sixties, and before, pay tribute: "He's the greatest horse ever foaled." So they will be saying of the Carbine of 50 years hence, with someone challenging with the Phar Lap half a century behind.

\* \* \*

To complete the Carbine gallery there were remarkable photographs of Carbine's sire, Musket, and of Carbine's dam, Mersey. Carbine resembled his dam in looks, but evidently not in temperament, for her appearance suggested a high-strung creature.

A decade ago, writing in a Sydney newspaper, I suggested that the A.J.C. should establish a historic gallery rather than let history be scattered and uncollated as it is today. Soon it may be too late. Then we, like all indifferent Australians, where the historic or the traditional is concerned, will wake up and bitterly regret our apathy.

I should think that the owners of Carbine relics could will them to a properly constituted authority for the purpose of establishing a racing museum. Others would do likewise.

## "AUSTRALIA DAY"

FRIDAY, 4th OCTOBER,  
1940

•

Members of the Club and the public are invited to patronise the Club's Stall—at the corner of Martin Place and Castle-reagh Street.

Some time ago I pointed out that the whip used and the leggings worn by famous Johnny Higgerson when he piloted a horse owned by Mr. G. T. Rowe's grandfather in a match race against a Victorian, some time in the sixties, were to be had almost for the asking. The treasured links are slipping through our fingers through lack both of imagination and a sense of historic values.

\* \* \*

Among the photographs I saw one of Archer, winner of the first two Melbourne Cups. That's history. Some treasures are in the hands of private owners. The majority, I feel sure, would be sporting enough to will their possessions if shown proof that the permanent repository would be a national museum.

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS:—4th, Mr. L. C. Wicks, Mr. Ken. J. Patrick, Mr. W. C. Goodwin; 5th Mr. E. A. Goldsmid; 6th, Mr. E. W. Bell; 7th, Mr. Percy Miller; 9th, Right Hon. the Lord Mayor (Ald. S. S. Crick); 11th, Mr. James J. Hackett; 21st, Mr. E. R. Deveridge; 22nd, Mr. Theo. Tartakover; 27th, Mr. A. J. Moverley; 31st, Mr. W. N. Cawsey and Capt. J. Bartlett.

\* \* \*

An acknowledgment to Mr. "Monty" Walker and to Mr. Harry T. Matthews for having enlightened me that F.J.A.—the name of Sir Rupert Clarke's Victorian Derby winner, mentioned in the previous issue—stood for Frances Josephine Alda, famous singer of the early nineteen hundreds, who sang with Caruso. \* \* \*

Tattersall's Club members have already contributed to the central fund of Great Britain's Civilian War Victims' Fund the sum of £690.

Other members who contemplate making contributions are invited to do so through the Club's list.

\* \* \*

Another successful function in aid of Tattersall's Club's War Charities was held in the Club on September 8. Disbursements to date from these functions total £246/19/9. Members will be advised in due course of the next function.

\* \* \*

Mr. Robert Walder, who died suddenly in September, was a member of the Club for many years, and had served on the Committee. Next to horse-racing his hobby was speed-boating.

\* \* \*

You will hear: "A dark horse may win." Meaning what?

Earliest use of the term, "dark horse," was in Benjamin's Disraeli's "The Young Duke," published in 1831. Disraeli wrote: "A dark horse which had never been heard of rushed past the grandstand in sweeping triumph."

If you want some real dark horses of history, consider Black Agnes, ridden by Mary Queen of Scots; Black Bess, famous in the legends of Dick Turpin; and Black Saladin, the charger of the Earl of Warwick, the "King-maker" of the Wars of the Roses.

(Continued on page 7.)





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## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

A true story of a country race-meeting in Victoria was told by a correspondent to "Doncaster," of the Melbourne "Argus":—

"Many years ago I was camped at a place called Wee Wee Rup, where there was to be a race meeting on New Year's Day. Coming from Pyramid Hill the secretary overturned his buggy and was badly smashed up, so they came to me to run the meeting. I agreed, and everything went off well until the stakes were to be paid at the local pub after tea. The money was in a safe, and I had to pay it out, but after the first four races had been dealt with there was no money left.

"I forget the figures, but the prizes were something like this: Of £20, second £4, third £1 out of the stake. I did not notice the 'out of the stake' part of it, and had paid out £25 instead of £20 a race. Hence the shortage.

"We had to chase the receivers. Two were half-intoxicated in the bar, and one was at the dance, but the other had cleared out. A messenger on horseback was sent after this one, and eventually, after heated arguments, everything was settled, but I had to shout for the bar."

## RURAL MEMBERS

Mr. Augustus G. Brown, of  
Hamilton.

Augustus G. Brown, of Hamilton, has watched Newcastle grow to its present position of importance to the Commonwealth, and has also added his quota to the effort in making it so.

Although "Gus," as he is known to associates, has for long enjoyed the good fellowship of sportsmen through his active participation in outdoor recreations, he has also earned the respect and admiration of his fellows as a business man beyond reproach.

In the timber world the name of "Brown of Newcastle" is known far and wide, and those who know him best swear he has never been known to make an enemy. Close contact with "Gus" makes that easily understandable.

In the sporting sphere his greatest activities have been in connection with the turf, and, as a layer of odds, has enjoyed the reputation for "setting" his clients to any amount asked.

His other great aim in life has been to get back on the scratch mark at golf — a very worthy objective; but, as with most of us, 'tis, as yet, but a dream.

Nowadays life is taken a little easier, deservedly so, and, having taken care never to abuse good health, there are many happy years ahead, and we hope a modicum will be spent among friends in our Club where the Newcastle favourite is held in highest esteem by all.

Mr. Harold W. Fletcher, of  
Kentucky.

Harold Fletcher, of Kentucky, is a name oft quoted throughout northern New South Wales, and even beyond.

Kentucky is situate in the Armidale District, which is famed for its apples, pears and cherries, but there are other things as well — minor things, such as sheep and cattle!

As a judge of the bovine creature, Harold's name and judgment is respected by farmers in the dairymen's "Garden of Eden" — the Clarence and Richmond Rivers — where he has made huge deals through the years.

To be successful, one has to know his business thoroughly when vieing with the cattle men of Grafton, Casino and Lismore, etc., but Harold comes from stock steeped in long line of rural tradition and is worthily upholding it.

When not engaged in rural pursuits a game of golf generally finds favour, or, maybe, it is a game of billiards or snooker. There is always an opponent ready to oblige, for the ensuing hours will be pleasurable to a degree.

Fortunately, Harold's business frequently brings him "back to earth"—he lives 3477 feet above sea level — and thus are we in Sydney able to shake him by the hand in our Club and, in a manner, express our appreciation of his company.

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## **HELIDON SPA**

*For Better Health*



# An Old London Tavern

By Edward Samuel.

Most visitors to London do not fail to go the rounds of the regular sights, but few bother to "dig" out those historic old Taverns, which are almost the sole survivors of Tradition.



The "Hoop and Grapes," High Street, Aldgate.

Although the grand old names survive, it is in modern guise that practically all of London's coaching houses and taverns remain to-day.

Some of them have gone out of the business altogether, like the "Belle Sauvage" on Ludgate Hill, and the "Black Lion" in Water Lane, now Whitefriars Street, or the "Bolt in Tun" in Fleet Street, whose courtyard entrance only remains to tell its romantic story. Others have moved with the times and prosper as modern up-to-date restaurants and hotels, as Mr. Pickwick's "Golden Cross," or the "Old Bell" in Holborn. And the old London taverns, too, have shared much of the same fate.

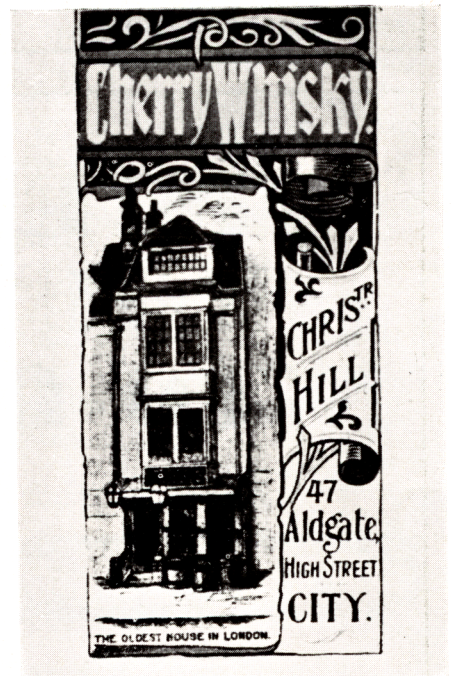
One by one they disappear before the relentless march of commercial

progress, until now London is left with but a handful of the jolly old inns of the past. But on the very border of the City, a few paces from where the great eastern gateway, Aldgate, once stood, there still remains a real old City Tavern.

This is the picturesquely named "Hoop and Grapes," a four stories building on the south side of Aldgate High Street, for which tradition claims the distinction of the "oldest house in London." Of course, it would be hard to prove the truth of this tradition, but that such has arisen is a good indication of the great age of the house. It stands in the corner of the City which escaped the destruction of the Great Fire in 1666, and there must be much of the old place that was standing in those days of terror, when panic-stricken crowds poured out through Aldgate from the blazing city to seek refuge in the fields of Whitechapel and beyond. But the "Hoop and Grapes," as you will find to-day, is a tavern of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; such a place as old Dr. Johnson might have known; a house nobly proportioned and fitted in its time. Its old windows are filled with small panes, many of its upper rooms are pine-panelled in the fashion that came in about the time of Queen Anne or a little earlier, and here and there — hidden behind who shall say how many layers of paint — are traces of earlier woodwork; the oaken panelling of Jacobean or perhaps Tudor days. From top to bottom of the house runs a fine staircase which was erected well over two centuries since, and beneath the building are spacious brick vaulted cellars that tell of the many years when 47 Aldgate High Street was the famous wine house of Christopher Hill. It is hard to tell what this old house was originally. Plaster covers the front, and old weather-boarding the back of the building. Many things suggest that it was perhaps a city merchant's house in which he carried on

his trade — possibly that of vintner — on the ground floor, and lived in opulence and comfort above, as was the custom of City merchants in old times. But we do know that it has been a tavern for a very long time, and standing, as it does, right by a gate of the City where the great turnpike road to East Anglia begins, it saw busy times in the coaching days, when the cobbles of the High Street were never free from the clatter of hoofs and the grinding of the coach and chaise wheels.

Its sign is not a common one. Probably it was originally just the "Grapes," for, by the street door, stand two ancient and sturdy wooden posts, iron hard and thickly coated in paint, upon which are carved



An old Bottle Label from the "Hoop and Grapes."

vines with grapes attached. It was customary to display this sign in a wreath of foliage, out of which grew the popular illusion to the "Hoop."

(Continued on page 16.)



## CHARLES KINSELA

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## POOL SPLASHES

The Swimming Club went into action at its Annual Ball in the Club rooms with its usual vim, and put on a great show.

Star turn of the evening was the Pool show, when the Club swimmers showed the visitors their agility in the water.

At the Pool the "Dewar" Cup was presented to Jack Dexter by the Club Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, with his usual breezy remarks, and he also handed to George McGilvray the "Dave Tarrant" Cup for the runner-up.

Open orders for monthly point scores were presented to Messrs. W. S. Edwards, N. P. Murphy, J. Dexter, G. McGilvray, I. Stanford, R. Payne and A. S. Block.

The Ladies' Nomination 160 yds. Team's Race resulted in a win for Messrs. N. Barrell, W. K. Garnsey, B. Partridge, and J. Dexter, whose good ladies were recipients of the trophies.

A Musical Lifebuoys event saw those two antagonists of old, Vic. Richards and Winston Edwards, renew their battle, which went on this occasion to the latter.

If our Australian troops are put out in the Egyptian desert, one of the things they will miss most will be the spot of surfing they got in Palestine.

In 1914-18, wherever there was water enough for swimming there

you found the Aussies. One of the sights during a Suez Canal passage when the Australians were near Ismailia was the mass of men swimming all over the canal. From miles out in the sandhills the boys would trek to the canal, where in Nature's garb they proceeded to cool off. When a liner came through, it was a case of all in the water, for swimming costumes or vees were a rarity.

At least one big swimming carnival was held there and, if memory serves correctly, the big championship went to prominent Sydney swimmer Lou Grieve.

On Gallipoli even that much-feared Turkish gun "Beachy Bill," and doses of shrapnel, could not stop the Aussies from having their dips.

In France every river was a swimming pool (in the summer only) for the troops, and parts of the River Somme near Corbie provided amusing sights and some homesickness with the signs put up by the boys—"Coogee," "Bondi," "Manly," "Circular Quay," etc.

Noted in the cables recently was the name of Corporal W. Flemming for some particularly gallant work during a London air raid. The Corporal is none other than Bill Flemming, ex-champion sprint swimmer of Australia, who has often done a bit of training in Tattersall's Pool during his trips from Queensland.

## HANDBALL

The battle for the Club Handball Championship has not yet been fought out between champion Eddie Davis and ex-champion Bill Tebbutt owing to the temporary indisposition of the former.

In the "B" Grade Championship things are at an interesting stage with the final to be played between Bruce Partridge and the winner of the semi-final between W. Hannan and G. McGilvray.

The "C" Grade title is no nearer decision than when we went to press last, so it's up to some of the players to get a hustle on.

Results since the last issue of the magazine were:—

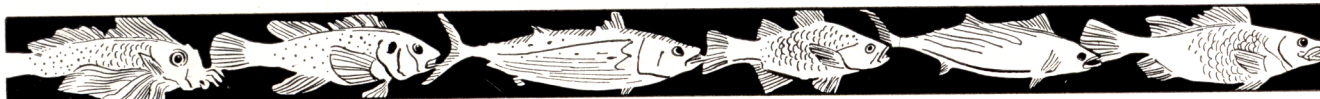
### "B" Grade.

Third Round.—B. Partridge beat I. Green; R. Pollard beat B. Hodgson; W. Hannan beat E. T. Penfold; G. McGilvray beat J. Armstrong.

Semi-final.—B. Partridge beat R. Pollard.

### "C" Grade.

Second Round.—K. Williams beat W. C. Allen; E. A. Davis beat E. Bergin; T. A. Richards received a forfeit.



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*Proverbs 13, 22.*

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# Billiards and Snooker

## Annual Tournaments Enter Third Round

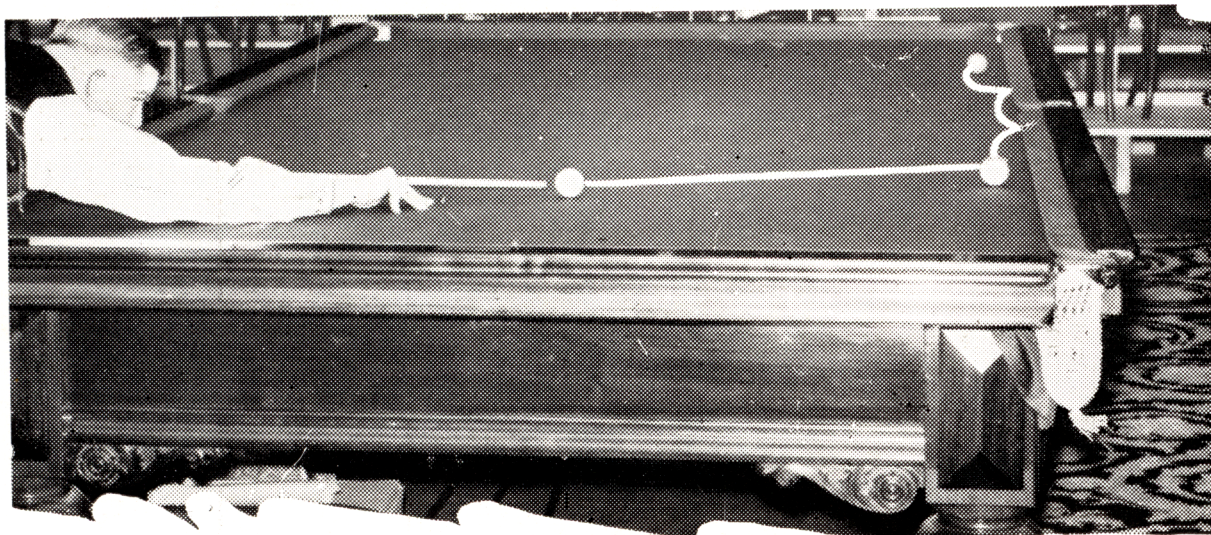
Last issue of the magazine told of the great interest displayed in current tournaments and, it is pleasing to record, it has not diminished in the slightest degree.

One makes bold to write that not for many years have so many members put in daily practice on the green cloth or enticed so many of their friends to gather round and lend moral support. As this issue goes to press the third round is under way. In the Billiards section sixteen members still retain hopes of ultimate success, whilst exactly double that number are engaged in the Snooker division.

**Snooker:** D. F. Graham (50), J. Harris (40), J. R. Coen (55), W. Edwards (60), V. Pearson (60), A. L. Levy (40), P. De Bovis (80), G. Priest (50), C. K. McDonald (60), J. H. Abbs (70), R. W. Kennedy (55), R. Rattray (55), E. E. Davis (40), H. Robertson (scr.), F. G. McLean (50), E. H. Scott (50), A. W. Jones (55), S. E. Chatterton (40), K. Fidden (50), I. Stanford (40), R. Doyle (60), D. Lotherington (70), "G.J.W." (30), E. Bergin (50), E. A. Davis (20), "Rose Bay" (10), S. A. Brown (15), C. J. Manning (65), F. Vockler (15), and A. S. W. Hurd (55).

Thus far, no definite favourite has been proclaimed in either event, but so earnest has been the practice that backmarkers will needs produce something out of the ordinary to succeed. They are quite capable of that, too, as witness Hans Robertson's run of 72 at snooker a couple of weeks back. That break had a tragic ending. Hans looked all set for a century run, and had the balls in excellent position when, for no apparent reason whatever, he missed the ON ball direct!

Century breaks at snooker, in club games, are as rare as apples on a lilac tree. Bad luck for Hans.



*An attractive shot played without "screw." Method is to strike cue-ball above centre to impart top spin. Use plenty of power and contact object-ball nearly full.*

Here are the members who have survived first and second "battles" for supremacy:—

**Billiards:** Messrs. C. L. Parker (125), F. G. McLean (150), R. Mead (100), J. Armstrong (160), H. H. Tonks (100), L. J. Haigh (100), W. R. Dovey (135), F. Vockler (30), G. Edwards (100), G. Chiene (140), E. A. Davis (65), W. A. Freeman (150), H. Robertson (owes 150), W. M. Hannan (160), F. E. Headlam (90), and C. J. Manning (130).

One thing is certain. These tournaments have improved the standard of play in marked degree, and especially so does this apply to snooker.

Time was (and not so long ago) when the potting of two reds and any two colours was considered a worthy effort. These days runs of twenty-five and better are of frequent occurrence. What is more to the point is that players are learning the real value of the black ball and playing position instead of haphazardly.

One could name several members out on marks who, according to the handicappers, should win, but they, alas, will probably run as true to form as some of the horses on which we so optimistically place our money at Randwick and kindred courses. Never were two events more open than those under review, which is just another way of saying the handicappers have done a great job of work.

Incidentally, players (and especially those who get into the semi-

*(Continued on page 16.)*



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# Racing Fixtures

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## OCTOBER.

Ascot ..... Wednesday, 2nd  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 5th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 7th  
 (Eight-Hours Day)  
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 9th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 12th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 16th  
 City Tattersall's ..... Saturday, 19th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 23rd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 26th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 30th

## NOVEMBER.

Moorefield ..... Saturday, 2nd  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 6th  
 Canterbury Park ..... Saturday, 9th  
 Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 13th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 16th  
 Kensington ..... Wednesday, 20th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 23rd  
 Rosebery ..... Monday, 25th  
 Howkesbury ..... Wednesday, 27th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 30th

## DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 4th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 11th  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 14th  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 18th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 21st  
 Australian Jockey Club, Thurs., 26th  
 (Boxing Day)

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SATURDAY, 28th.

(In aid of The Lord Mayor's  
Patriotic and War Fund.)

1941

## JANUARY.

Tattersall's Club ..... Wednesday, 1st

# The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 54.



Cranbrook, when used as Vice-Regal Residence.

(Photo by Government Printer).

## CAPTAIN ROBERT TOWNS

FEW of the prominent pioneers of commerce in early Sydney had a greater variety of interests than Captain Robert Towns. It is eloquent of his business genius that practically every enterprise in which he took an interest was successful. Captain Towns went to sea as a mere boy, working on a small collier trading between Shields and London, and was intensely interested in seamanship. By diligent study, which usually had to be obtained in the brief intervals between voyages, he managed to obtain a mate's certificate by the time he was sixteen, while at eighteen he was master in command of a small trading vessel. Later he commanded a brig trading in the Mediterranean, and during the period he was engaged in this work he managed to save enough to have a ship built for himself. This vessel, "The Brothers," was later to become one of the best-known and most popular ships engaged in the Australian trade. It was the fastest and best-handled craft trading to Australia, and, consequently, proved a profitable investment to its owner. Incidentally, it was the first ship to carry to England a full cargo of Australian wool.

WHEN the English Government offered substantial inducements to emigrants to Australia in 1822, Captain Towns enjoyed a particularly lucrative period. Most of the emigrants were possessed of considerable means, and were prepared to pay high rates for their passage out, while at the same time freights rose rapidly. In 1833 Captain Towns met in Sydney Miss Sophie Wentworth, the sister of the celebrated William Charles Wentworth, and married her. He continued with his profitable trade with England for some nine years after this, but the depression of 1842 proved disastrous, and he decided to settle in Sydney and abandon the oversea passenger trade. He established

the firm of R. Towns and Company, Mercantile and Shipping Agents, at Miller's Point, and soon was owner of a considerable fleet of small vessels which were employed in the island trade.

TOWNS was the foremost pioneer in this trade with the Pacific Islands, and was one of the first to develop the trade in sandalwood, coconut oil, beche-de-mer, and other tropical products. In addition to his activities in this direction, Captain Towns engaged in many other commercial undertakings. In 1851 he assisted materially in the reconstruction of the Bank of New South Wales, and he remained a director of this bank until his death. He was among the first to send horses from Australia to India. He established large stations in North Queensland—Townsland was named in his honour. Captain Towns was also the pioneer of cotton growing on a large scale. He established, at a cost of approximately £20,000, a plantation for this purpose of some 2000 acres, which was worked by more than 250 Kanakas. The end of the American Civil War, and the resultant drop in cotton prices, caused the abandonment of this scheme. Towns was also one of the leaders of the successful protests against the transportation here of convicts.



CAPTAIN R. TOWNS.

IN 1856 Captain Robert Towns was appointed to the Legislative Council, and with one brief period of retirement, remained a member of that body until his death in 1873. He also built a large mansion, "Cranbrook," at Rose Bay, which later was used as a Vice-Regal Government House. This famous building is now used for a school. It was at "Cranbrook" that Captain Robert Towns died on April 4, 1873. Few commercial giants have enjoyed such universal respect and admiration as Robert Towns.



## An Old London Tavern

(Continued from Page 9.)



## GOLF NOTES

The last outing was held at The Lakes Golf Club on September 12th, when a good field competed for the "A" and "B" Grade trophies in a Stableford competition.

The winner of "A" Grade was P. J. Schwarz with a score of 33 points, the runner-up being the Hon. Secretary, M. Polson, with 30 points.

"B" Grade trophy was won by S. Baker, who scored 30 points, and J. Hickey being the runner-up with 29 points.

The players thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon's golf, and all are looking forward now to the next outing to be held at Manly on Thursday, 17th October.

Arrangements are now being made to cater for a record attendance, and all intending players are asked to contact the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible.

But as the "Hoop and Grapes" the house has been known for generations, although it had a more intimate name in the locality, memories of which still remain; that is the queer name of "Up the Steps." Those steps no longer exist, but in a picture of the old house on a bottle label of Christopher Hill's time, an old label of perhaps half a century ago or more, the carved posts are clearly shown as at the bottom of a couple of steps leading up to the door. Possibly in earlier times there were more, for the tendency of the ground level in cities is ever to rise. From the street the place has a delightful old-world air, with its protruding bay windows and its roof dormer. Affixed to the front wall are two parish boundary plates marked "St. B.A. 1782" and "1827 St. M.W." These indicate the meeting of the parishes of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and St. Mary, Whitechapel. And one imagines in the earlier days, when the beating of the bounds was a regular annual custom on Ascension Day, that the parish worthies would not pass by so good an old tavern without entering, having assured themselves that no neighbour had removed these parochial landmarks. The bar, on the ground floor, is a jolly, bustling sort of place, with gleaming copper vessels of the wine trade all about. Massive chains hang by the door, relics of a less safe age when a man had to take more precautions in ensuring his property from incursion, the doors were very truly bolted, barred and chained at night. The old windows here are interesting, heavy and small paned. It is many a long year since they were new fitted.

The dining-room is beyond, an airy room, recently modernised for convenience and cleanliness, but decorated pleasantly in old style. Upstairs is the kitchen, a big chamber, with white-painted panelling

throughout. And here, by the great range, is a very interesting relic, an old roasting jack still in place, which operated, on the grandfather's clock principle with weights, the regular turning of the joints once cooked on a spit before the open fire. Most of the upstairs rooms are wide and spacious, and, like the kitchen, panelled in pine wood, with attractive little eighteenth century fire grates, and small paned windows. At the rear of the premises are traces of what may have been stabling. A cobbled yard comes right up to the back walls, and there is a queer little hood attached to a wall that suggests it once protected a stable bell or clock from the weather. Altogether time has dealt very kindly with this ancient house; change has passed it by, forgetting, as it were, an attractive old tavern that has kept its doors open to travellers for so many years.

## Billiards and Snooker

(Continued from page 13.)

finals) should take heed of the rule which penalises the striker if any part of his apparel touches a ball when in the act of taking aim.

In a recent heat a player had the game in his own hands when, with the blue and pink (all other balls off the table) hanging over pockets, he fouled the black and gave seven points away instead of collecting twelve — a penalty of nineteen points in all. Had the striker used the "rest" instead of leaning far over the table he must have won. As it was, he went down by five points.

A little attention to these minor retails will do much to preserve the smooth-running of Club contests.



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